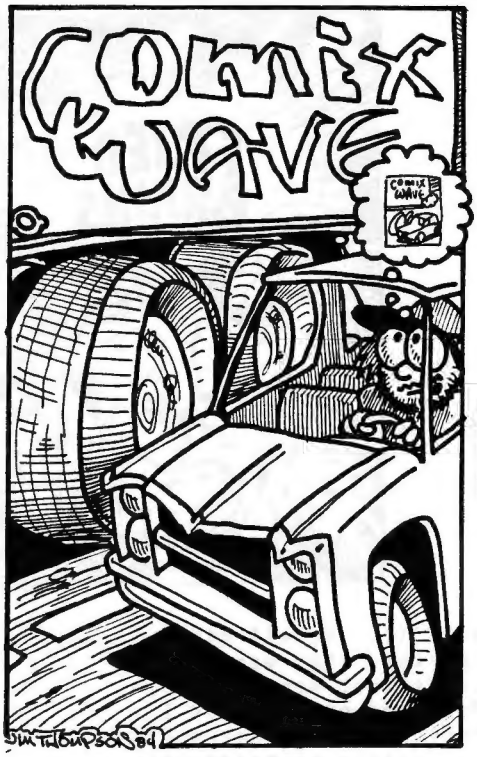

COMIX WAVE 30. Sept. 1985. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo: Jim Thompson. CW minis: Lee Baker's LAST LOVE, BABYFAT 51-52, FRIED BRAINS 12,13, & 14. 50/st each. COMIX WAVE mag 23. cover by Doug Hansen. Beginning Joe Zabel's THE HALLS OF MINOS. $1.56 pp.* Welcome to the San Diego Con. Lots of newavers are on hand and CW will have pictures in the next couple of issues. Come to our panel on Newave Comix & join us. SUBS ARE $6 A YEAR/A FREE COPY OF AN EARLY ISSUE OF THE COMIX WAVE MAG FREE WITH THE NEXT 25 SUBS (offer expires October 1, '85). 18 or over to join.* MUMBLES 5 is the MUMBLES READER. Prose & drawings. $2.06 pp from John E., POB 7243, Wichita, KS 67218.* LEFTOVERS and MONDO M are $1 ea pp from Dale Lee Coovert, 1258 Autumn Drive, Lutz, FLA 33613.* Razz is 50,st from Jim Siergey, 4135 N Hermitage, Chicago, IL 60613.* JOB UNDER THE STROBE by Steve Willis is 25/st from Small Town Productions, 802 Hawthorne St., Cloquet, MN 55720. SMALL TOWN MUMBLES is 50/st from same address. MOONSTONE 9 is 75/st. ALWAYS PUT YOUR ADDRESS IN YOUR COMICS. I can't plug something when there is no address and I have some unidentified zines around, so...* You can get CLYDE, IN COLD BLOOD, and all the other Pizz pubs for $5. 369 Pixley St., Orange, CA 92666.

CRUMB ON THE ROAD. R. Crumb is on a book-signing tour with Ed Abbey. Articles about the tour have appeared in many papers & PEOPLE WEEKLY (June 24, 1985) did a story with pictures. In Berkeley, Crumb autographed red t-shirts with an illo from the book on them. The book is THE MONKEY WRENCH GANG.* SKINNY MINI from Scott Stevens: CHRISTI LIVES 40 cents. 2208 Parkside #117, Mesquite, TX 75150. It's 1x5".* NART 2 is 50/st from Jim Siergey. ART CAN BE FUN is 50/st from Ed DeVore, RD 7 DeVore Rd, Box 86, Meadville, PA 16335.* MORONS, MONSTERS, AND MUTANTS 1 is 25,st from Jeff Gaither, 2808 Demel, Apt 21, Lov., KY 40214.* JUST ANOTHER 8-PAGE WONDER 8 is 50/st from Walt Rodgers, POB 605, Blairstown, N J 07825.* OVERHEARD AT AMERICA'S LUNCH COUNTERS 3 is out, but I don't know the price because Susan Catherine didn't say. Address is 4715 16th NE, Seattle, WA 98105.* FUDGONG 2 is 50/st from J. P. Morgan, POB 78, Keansburg, N J 07734.* ANTI-SOCIAL 3 is an impressive book with some nice art and writing. 8 1/2 x 11, color cover. See ad below. FUNOLA is 50/st from John Eades, 9429 Silverthorn Dr., Lake Park, FLA 33403. Appears that COMICS FANOLA will go to digest size.* GRIND 8 and 9 out from Dan Gilbert 50/st each. OI Division, USS CONSTELLATION CV-64, FPO, SFRAN 96635.* EL VIBORA 65 and 66, $7 each from J. M. Berengueur, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, SPAIN.* WEIRD SMUT 1 is $2.71 pp from John Mozzer, POB 224, Brooklyn, N Y 11218. S. Clay Wilson & Bill Ward art in this standard ug.* From COMICO: ROBOTECH MASTERS 1.* FIRST KINGDOM 22 out. C.G.

1967: R. CRUMB LEAVES CLEVELAND, JOINS THE HAPPY MIGRATION TO SAN FRANCISCO...
HOT DANG! MAYBE I'LL GET IN ON SOME O' THIS FREE LOVE STUFF!
STOMP!
TURN ON TUNE IN DROP OUT!
OH WOW!
SHANGRI-LA OR A BUST, MAN!
Sketchbook in hand, Crumb took some strange trips in the '60s.

ANTI-SOCIAL 3
$2.50
a comics magazine
BUT WE SAW SOME CORPSES THAT WERE JUST CHILDREN!
SOME OF THOSE SO-CALLED CHILDREN WERE ALREADY BEING TRAINED BY GUER-KILLAS! WHEN SOMEBODY'S ABOUT TO TOSS YOU A GRENADE BURGER, YOU DON'T CHECK HIS I.D.!
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ART CAN BE FUN!!
50¢
HI! IT'S ART AND IT'S A REAL LAFF RIOT!!!
INSIDE: THE SECRET LIFE OF PANTS...
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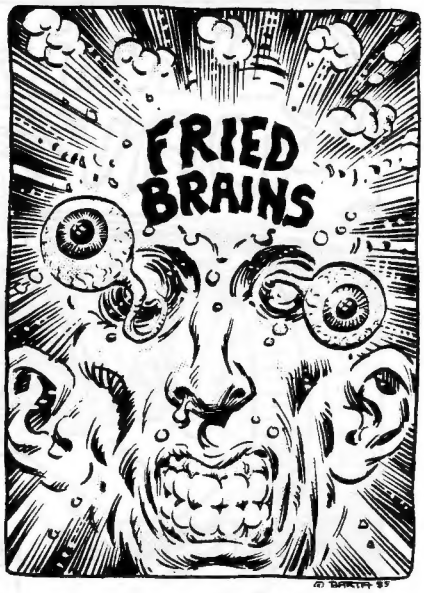

UNDERGROUND PROSE STYLE . . . . . .

In the sixties, it became possible to write against styles rather than follow them. No need to state a thesis, support it, work up to anti-climaxes and climaxes. One could just jump in at some point and visualize what was happening, see all the fragments kaleidoscopically. I develop a fast telegraphic style in my underground press pieces. I built up to things with chopped phrases, bits of conversation, images, ad lines. I always liked using the voice collage technique, quoting random lines of anonymous dialogue which would define, explain, and typify a scene like the underground cinema or the Nocturnal Dream Shows or the interior of a topless dance club. I made it all up. Seldom quoted what people actually said. I learned very early that famous people may be witty on camera when they have their lines down, but often boring off camera, particularly when confronted with endless, meaningless interviews; after all, they would rather be at home watching the tube, too, not standing in some lobby hyping a movie that's already in the can. I don't have the patience to quote people anyway. I can make up better lines than most of them and my lines make them sound and look good, so what's the difference? I would float in a scene, listen to things, smell it all, get the feel, the rhythm, make a note or two on a scrap of paper and stick it in my back pocket, do thumbnail sketches, and later at home I would just run it all off on the typewriter. If I had a roll or two of film, I would soup that in the kitchen and hang the negs. Next morning I would print the best of it. By noon, it was all dry, the text was copied, and all of it was on its way to the various papers and mags I was stringing for. I would never rewrite or revise anything. One draft. That was it. Off in the mail. Let the editor take care of anything that didn't suit him. That was his job. Surprisingly, I was edited very little by my honchos in those days. My stuff usually ran the way I sent it in. What I did do was write the same material over from a different slant and resell it. We all did that. I had markets that were political, others that were social, others that focussed on sex, and I learned to shoot pictures that would sell to a wide variety of magazines and papers. The viewpoint I used in the LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS was sociological, psychological, semi-political; I used the jargon of the period and wrote from an anti-establishment point of view. I was still an Assistant Professor of English at Sonoma State College, hence technically as establishment as most of the other writers who had turned to the underground press for their freedom of expression, but I had begun to doubt the usefulness of the type of commercial brainwash that I saw going on around me on campus and I was already drifting toward retirement from the academy and its illusions and delusions. I was a writer. Publish or perish. Bullshit. Academic writers have narrow viewpoints and they have to wait several years for those to appear in any of the acceptable quarterlies. I had rebelled against the entire system as a grad student at San Francisco State when I argued with Herbert Blau who said Edward Albee was not a suitable subject for a seminar paper in Modern Drama. Albee went on to become one of our top playwrights, certainly the major American existentialist of the mid-sixties. Blau voted against my getting a teaching assistantship. You don't argue with your masters in the academy. Well, I did, and I still do. I was and am a writer and I broke with the academy in 1970, went freelance, started publishing everywhere, writing about everything. I've even appeared in a few academically sanctioned tomes. That's jealously guarded space and it goes only to top profs and their carefully selected grad students (who are the people who write a lot of the stuff that those top profs publish under their names).

I wrote about everything. Ecology, Women's liberation, Black liberation, college strikes, Free Speech, psychedelic drugs, sexual freedom, Indians, hippies, topless dancers, whatever came up, I wrote about it. C.G.